

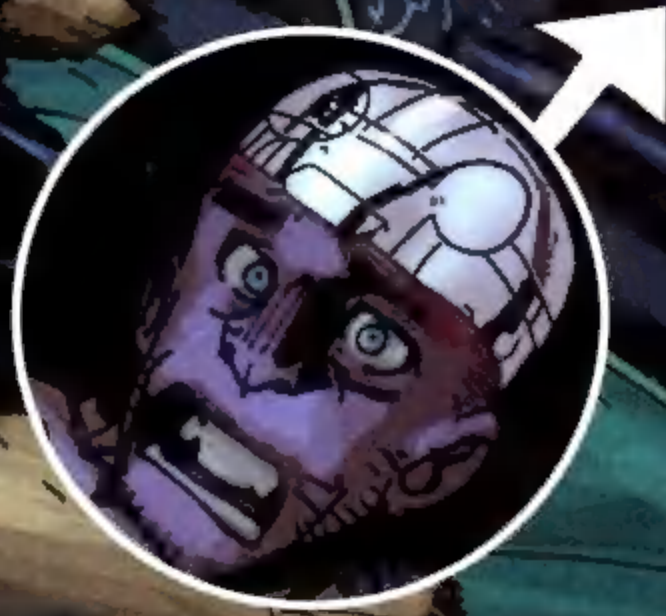
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DEADPOOL TEAM-UP



**SCREAMIN' SEMIS! GUN-TOTING RACCOONS!
AND THE GALAXY-HOPPING TRUCKER KNOWN AS**

U.S.A.C.E



**MOORE
CRYSTAL
RAUCH**

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DIRECT EDITION

DEADPOOL TEAM-UP

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MY NAME? HOLD
ON NOW, SON.

YOU GOT A
BADGE UNDER
THAT COAT?

DON'T WET YERSELF.
I'M JUST KIDDIN'.

NAME'S ULYSSES
SOLOMON ARCHER.
FRIENDS CALL ME
U.S. ACE.



I BEEN AROUND THE
WORLD AND OFF IT,
TOO. HAD SOME GOOD
TIMES, AN' BEEN LOWER
THAN A DOUBLE-
DECKER IN A DITCH.

BUT SOMEHOW, THIS
IS WHERE I ALWAYS
END UP. ON THE ROAD,
BEHIND THE WHEEL'A
FIFTEEN TONS OF
GRINDIN' GEARS AND
SCREAMING METAL.



IT AIN'T A
BAD LIFE.

**BREAKER!
BREAKER!**

BUT EVERY
ROAD'S GOT
ITS BUMPS...

THIS
HERE'S THE
BIG DEE PEE!
YOU COPY, GOOD
BUDDY?

I'M
COMIN' UP
ON YOUR TAIL! I'M
PUTTIN' THE HAMMER
DOWN! I'M CATCHIN'
YOU ON THE FLIP-
SIDE!

WE
GOT US A
CONVOY!

EXIT 896

"GOOD BUDDIES" ←

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I HEAR
YA, YOU IDIOT. YOU'RE
COMIN' IN THROUGH THE
RADIO PLATE IN MY
SKULL.

BUT YOU'RE
CRACKLIN' WITH
STATIC.

THAT CB
RADIO ~~AS~~ ASN'T
BEEN USED IN THIRTY
YEARS.

PICK UP
YOUR ~~AS~~ IN' CELL
PHONE!

THAT'S A
"NEGATORY,"
U.S. BUDDY.

YOU
SEE THAT, UH,
"TANKER YANKER"
BACK A WAYS? HAD A
"LOT LIZARD" IN THE
CAB WITH HIM, OR
I'M A "SMOKEY
BEAR."

STOPPED
TO GO "TEN-ONE-
HUNDRED," BUT I
THINK HE WAS --

WILSON!

LESS
JAWIN', MORE
DRIVIN'.

OKAY?

UH, YEAH.
DRIVING.
TEN-
FOUR...

GRRNNNGGGCHHHRRRR



KNCCCHH

HEY!
WATCH
IT, YOU
MORON!



I'VE
FOUGHT ALIENS,
DEMONS, AN' FAT-ASS
NAZIS IN BLIMPS. I
AIN'T ABOUT TO DIE ON
ACCOUNT'A YOUR
LOUSY DRIVING
SKILLS.

BESIDES, WE
GOTTA GET BOTH LOADS
OF CARGO THROUGH IF WE
WANT TO COLLECT THE
FEE, REMEMBER?

SORRY,
BRO!
BLIMP
NAZIS?



ARE YOU
SURE YOU KNOW
HOW TO DOUBLE-
CLUTCH?

DO YOU
EVEN HAVE A
CDL?

UM--



IF
THAT STANDS
FOR "CARCASS
DEMOLISHING
LICENSE" --



SQRSSSSSSHHH



TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS AGO...

WELL, WELL.
AS I LIVE AND
BREATHE.

FIGURATIVELY
SPEAKIN', OF
COURSE.

HIGHWAYMAN
TRUCKING CORP.
"ANY JOB, ANYTIME"
"NO QUESTIONS ASKED"

ULYSSES SOLOMON --
MY LITTLE BROTHER. BACK
FROM THE LONG HAUL IN
OUTER SPACE.

JEFF...

THE
WORKIN' MAN'S
HERO. RIDIN' THE
OPEN ROAD, FREE
AND EASY... LIVIN'
THE AMERICAN
DREAM...

AN' IT PAID OFF FOR
YOU, DIDN'T IT? FOUND A
SWEET LITTLE GAL WITH A
WHIP IN 'ER CLOSET, HAD
SOME FINE ADVENTURES
OUT ON THE GALACTIC
RIM.

EXCEPT
YOUR FANCY HYPER-
SPACE COMBUSTION
TRUCK GOT REPO'D BY
THE SHI'AR EMPIRE. AN'
THE GIRL LEFT YOU FOR
AN ALIEN WITH PLUSH
VELVET FUR AN'
EIGHT VIBRATING
HANDS.

SO HERE YOU ARE
BACK IN FLORIDA, BEGGIN'
YOUR BROTHER FOR WORK.
BUT HEY! AT LEAST YOU'RE
BACK ON THE ROAD
AGAIN.

HOW'S THAT
WORKIN' OUT, LITTLE
BROTHER?

YOU AIN'T ON SUCH A HOT STREAK YOURSELF.

I HEARD SOME HELL-BIKER HANDED YOU YER HEAD LAST MONTH. LITERALLY.*

YEAH?
YOU HEAR THAT THROUGH THE PLATE IN YOUR HARD-ASS SKULL?

**To see that story, read Ghost Rider #34. - Rubber Ducky*

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK TO MANAGEMENT, BOY. IF YOU WANT ME TO THROW YOU A JOB.

SO THROW.
I NEED CASH, JEFF.

SORRY, BRO. I GOT NOTHIN' RIGHT NOW.

ECONOMY SUCKS. AIN'T YOU HEARD?

JEFF, I'M DESPERATE.

I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP THE PAYMENTS ON M'NEW RIG. FINANCE COMPANY'S GONNA COME AFTER IT, I DON'T GET 'EM SOME GREEN REAL SOON.

I MIGHT HAVE ONE JOB.

COAST-TO-COAST HAUL. PAYS A COOL MILLION DOLLARS.

A MILLION?

WHAT'S THE CARGO? DECAPITATED BABIES?

YOU WANT THE MILLION...

...THAT AIN'T A QUESTION YOU WANT TO ASK.

ALL RIGHT, YOU BASTARD. I'LL DO IT--

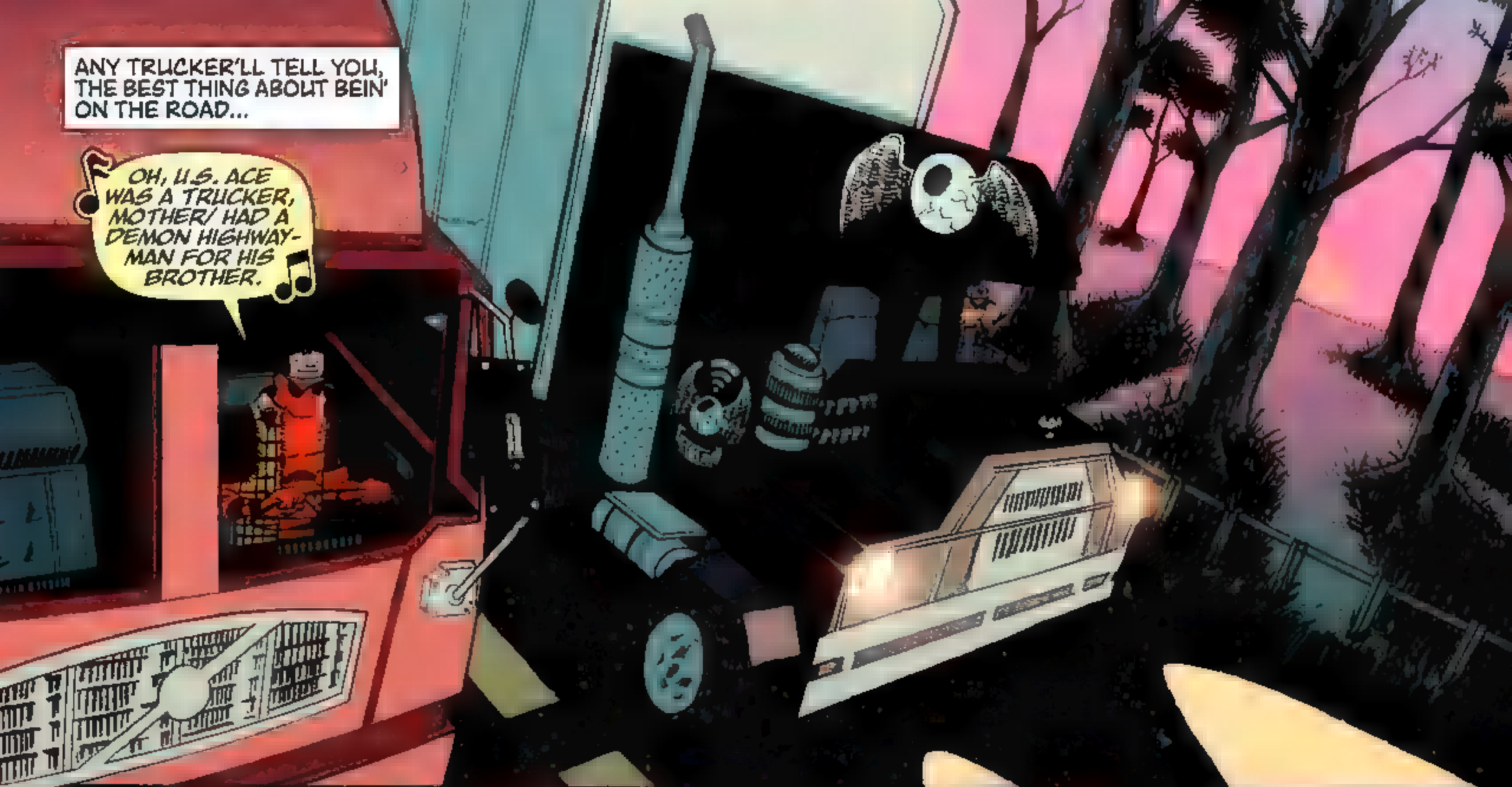
NOT SO FAST.

CARGO'S TWO TRUCKLOADS. YOU WANT THE JOB, YOU GOTTA FIND A PARTNER.



ANY TRUCKER'LL TELL YOU,
THE BEST THING ABOUT BEIN'
ON THE ROAD...

OH, U.S. ACE
WAS A TRUCKER,
MOTHER/ HAD A
DEMON HIGHWAY-
MAN FOR HIS
BROTHER.



...IS THE
QUIET.

ACE AN'
ME, WE'RE
TIGHT LIKE BUDS/
DELIVERIN' TWO
LOADS'A WHO
KNOWS...
WHUD...

I'M
BETTIN' IT'S
BOMBS OR EBOLA
VIRUS/ OR A GROSS'A
CD'S BY MILEY
CYRUS.



SOMETIMES THIS
RADIO PLATE IN MY
HEAD -- IT WON'T
SWITCH OFF --

FOR THE
LOVE A' GOD --
SHUT UP!

IT'S LONELY
ON THE ROAD BUT
I CAN COUNT ON ACE/
'CAUSE HE GOT A STEEL
SKULL UP ABOVE
HIS FACE.



HE GOT
METAL OTHER
PLACES,
TOO.

HEY NOW.
THAT'S JUST A
TRUCK STOP
RUMOR!



WHAT
IN --





WELL NOW...KILLER RACCOONS. ALMOST MAKES A NICE CHANGE'A PACE.

AAH!
MY FINGER-BOARD!

POOM
POOM



DISRESPECT MY MUSICAL GENIUS, WILL YA? YOU LITTLE ROAD RODENTS!

POOM
POOM
POOM

WILSON!



FIRST: THEY AIN'T RODENTS, THEY'RE MAMMALS.

SECOND: I GOT THIS. YOU JUST TRY AN' KEEP FROM RUNNIN' OFF THE ROAD!

POOM
POOM
POOM



GIT SLICK



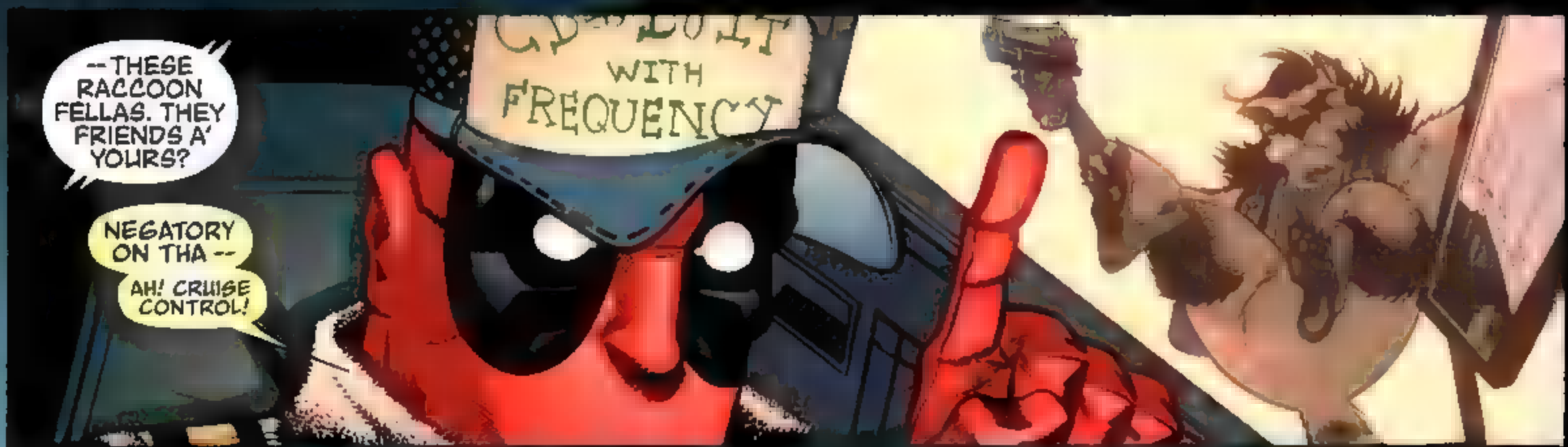
STILL MISS
MY OLD RIG.

BUT THIS ONE'S
GOT A FEW TRICKS.



HOPE I DON'T LOSE
IT BECAUSE OF SOME
DERANGED BURT
REYNOLDS WANNABE...

YO,
WILSON -

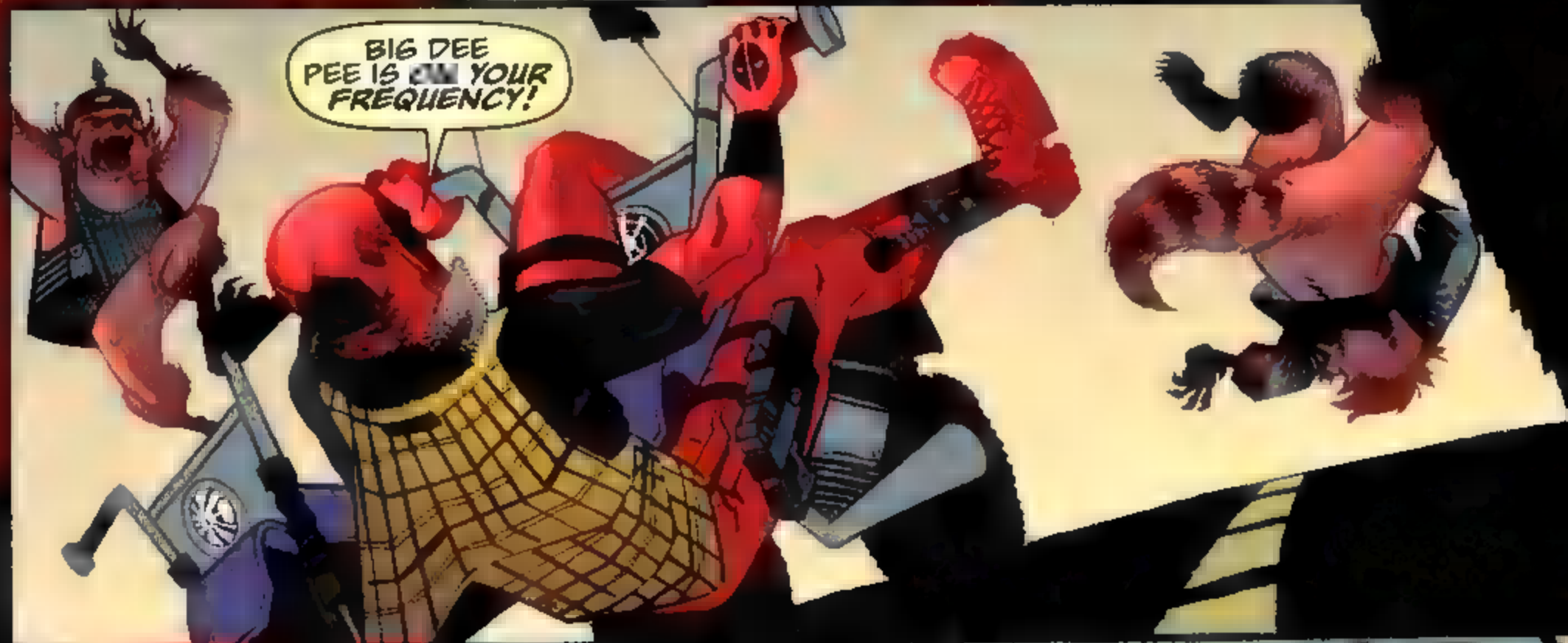
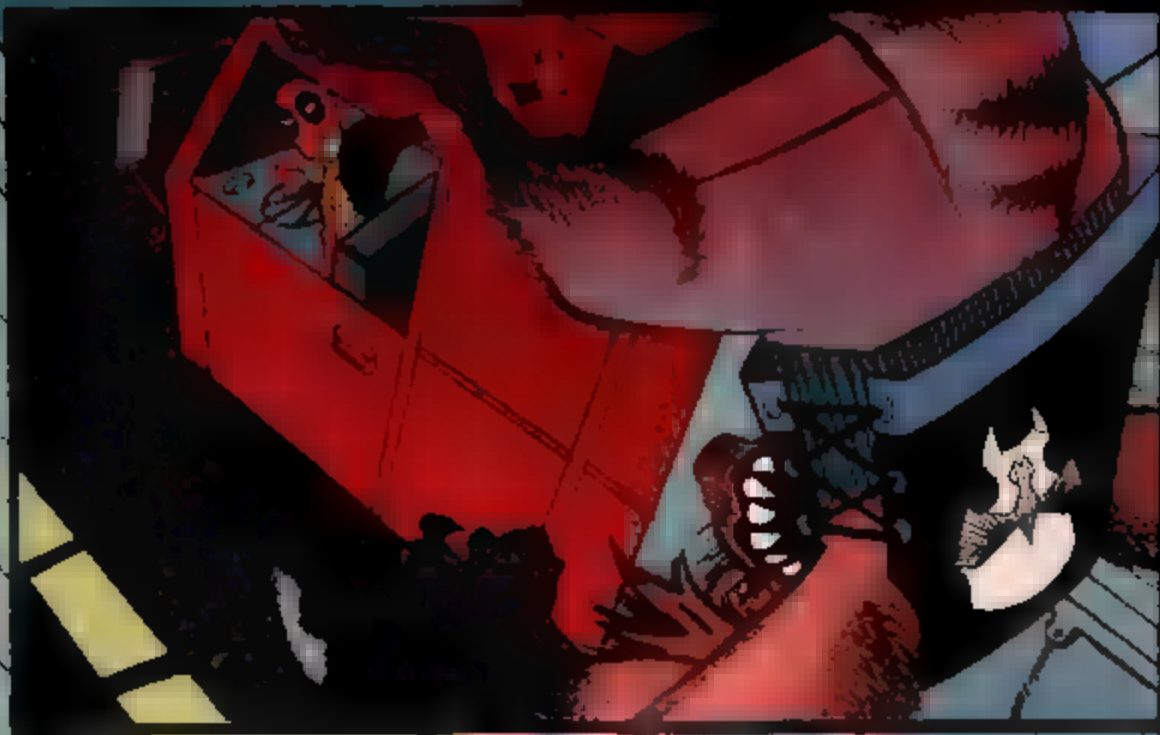


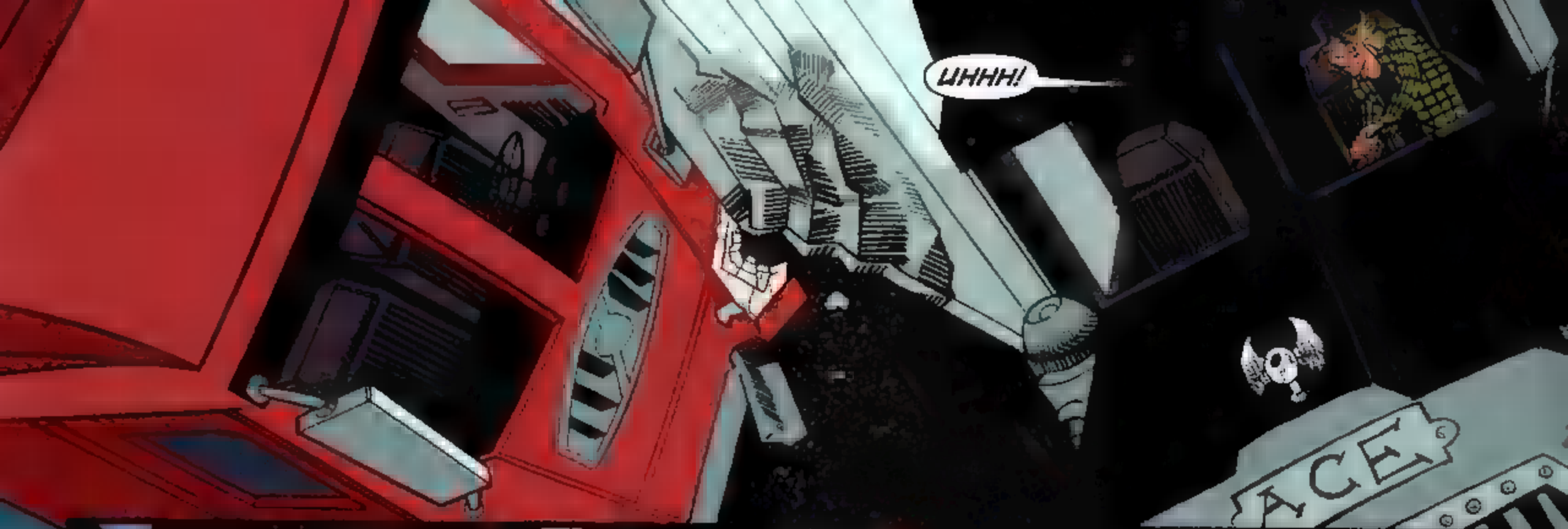
--THESE
RACCOON
FELLAS. THEY
FRIENDS A'
YOURS?

NEGATORY
ON THA --
AH! CRUISE
CONTROL!



Blamm





UHHH!



WILSON!
GET BACK IN
YOUR RIG!
REMEMBER THE
CARGO! REMEMBER
THE CODE OF THE
ROAD!



REMEMBER
THE \$\$\$!!
MONEY!



MUH...
MUH...
MONEY!



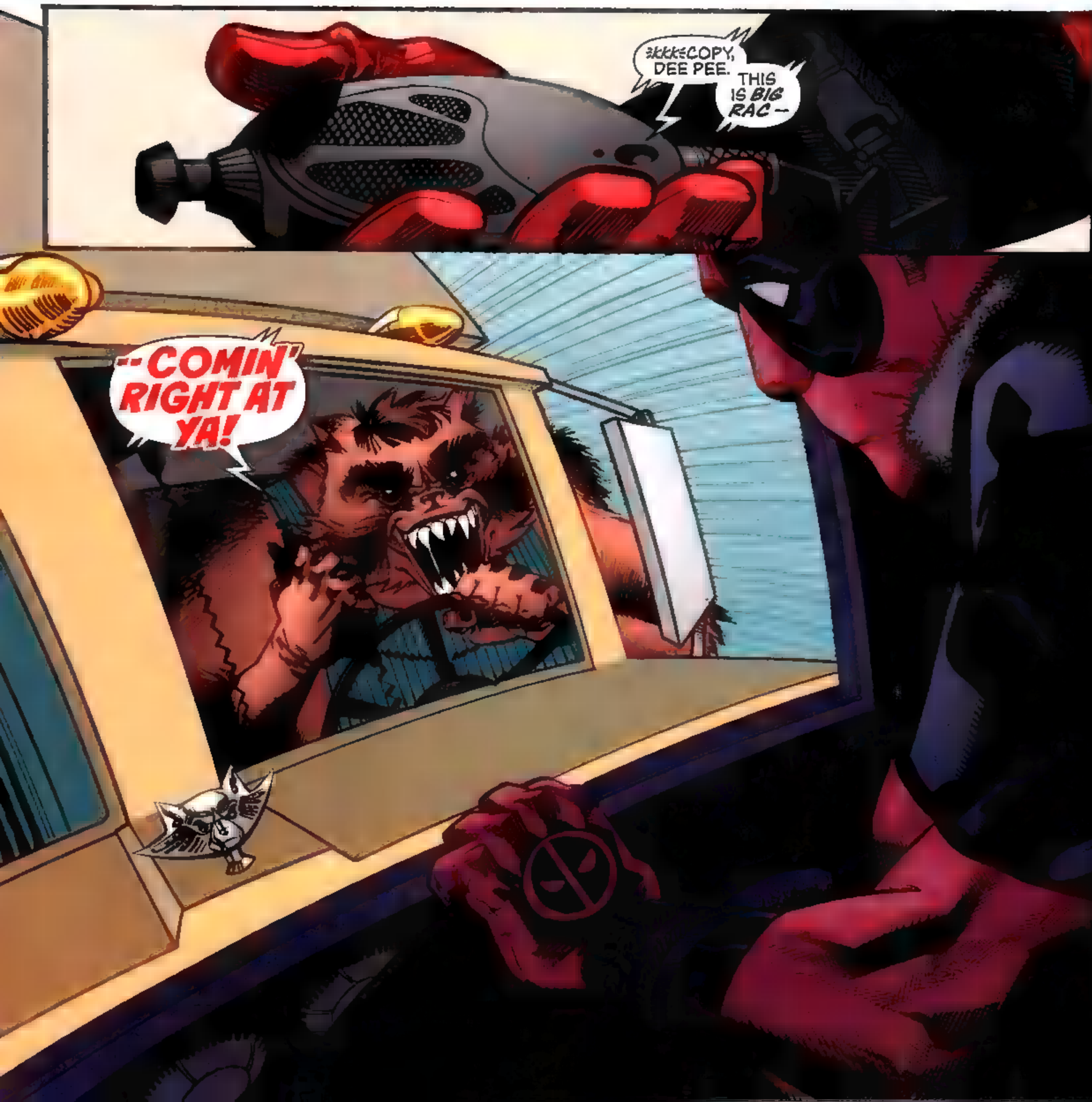
WUH-OH - BRAKE
CHECK. BRAKE
CHECK!

PUT IT IN
GEORGIA OVER-
DRIVE, GOOD
BUDDIES!

WELL, LIKE
MY DADDY
USED TO SAY:

YOU WANT CRITTERS
SQUASHED, BETTER
STRAP ON YER OWN
BOOTS...



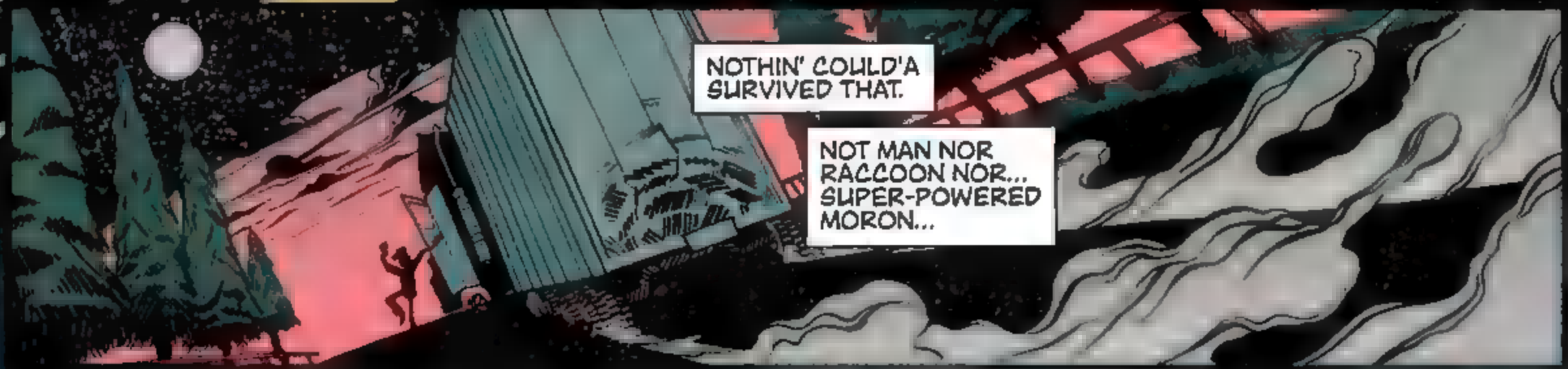




HOLY
HEADLIGHTS!

KRRNNGCHH

SKREEEE



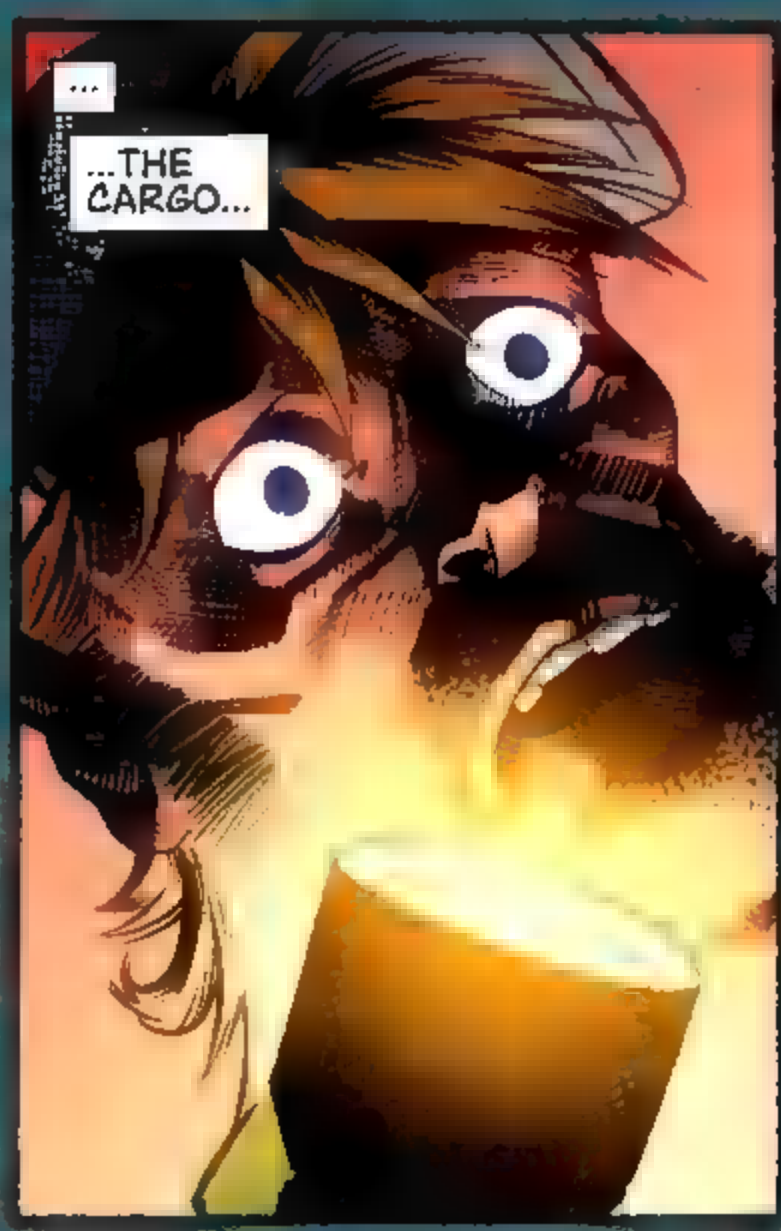
NOTHIN' COULD'A
SURVIVED THAT.

NOT MAN NOR
RACCOON NOR...
SUPER-POWERED
MORON...



POOR
WILSON.

SOME FELLAS JUST
AIN'T CUT OUT FOR
THE OPEN ROAD.



...
...THE
CARGO...



CAREFUL.
EASY, NOW.

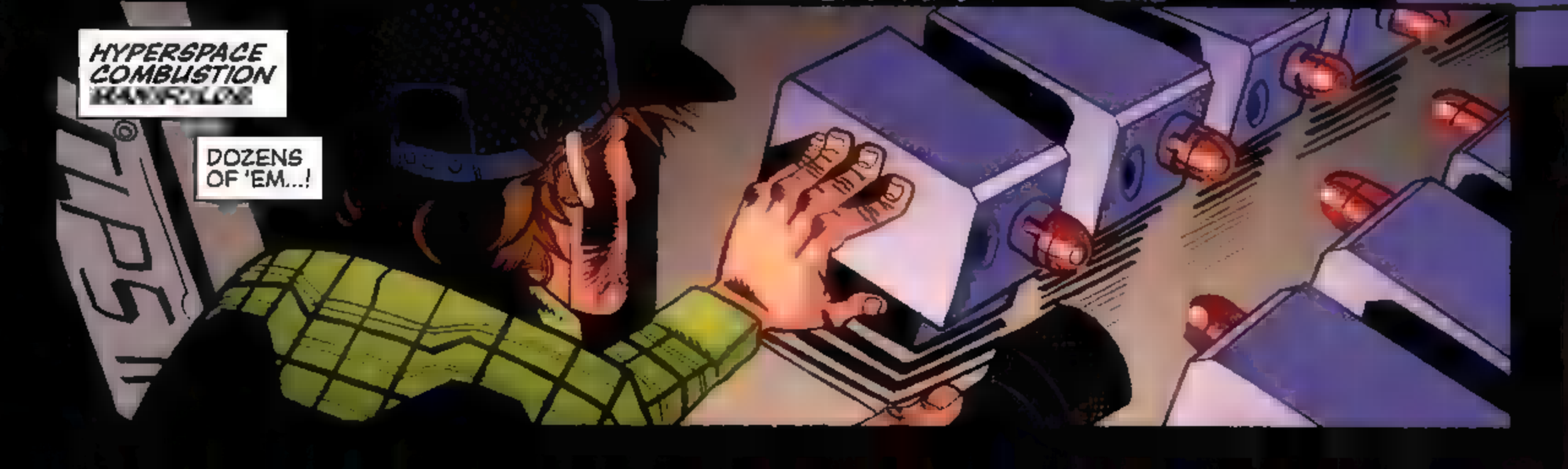
LOTTA DIESEL
ON THE ROAD...



NOW, LET'S SEE
WHAT'S GO --



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.



HYPERSPACE
COMBUSTION
MANIFESTS

DOZENS
OF 'EM...!



THESE -- THESE ARE THE GIZMOS
THAT ALLOW ORDINARY EARTH
VEHICLES TO TRAVEL IN SPACE.
AMP UP YOUR ENGINE, SEAL YER
RIG UP AIRTIGHT, AN' JUMP YOU
STRAIGHT THROUGH HYPERSPACE.

INSTALL ONE OF 'EM IN
A SEMI... AN' IT'S NEXT
STOP, ALPHA CENTAURI.

MY BROTHER... THAT
#@\$*% SKUNK. HE
KNEW I WANTED THAT...
KNEW HOW MUCH I
HATED BEIN' STUCK ON
EARTH.

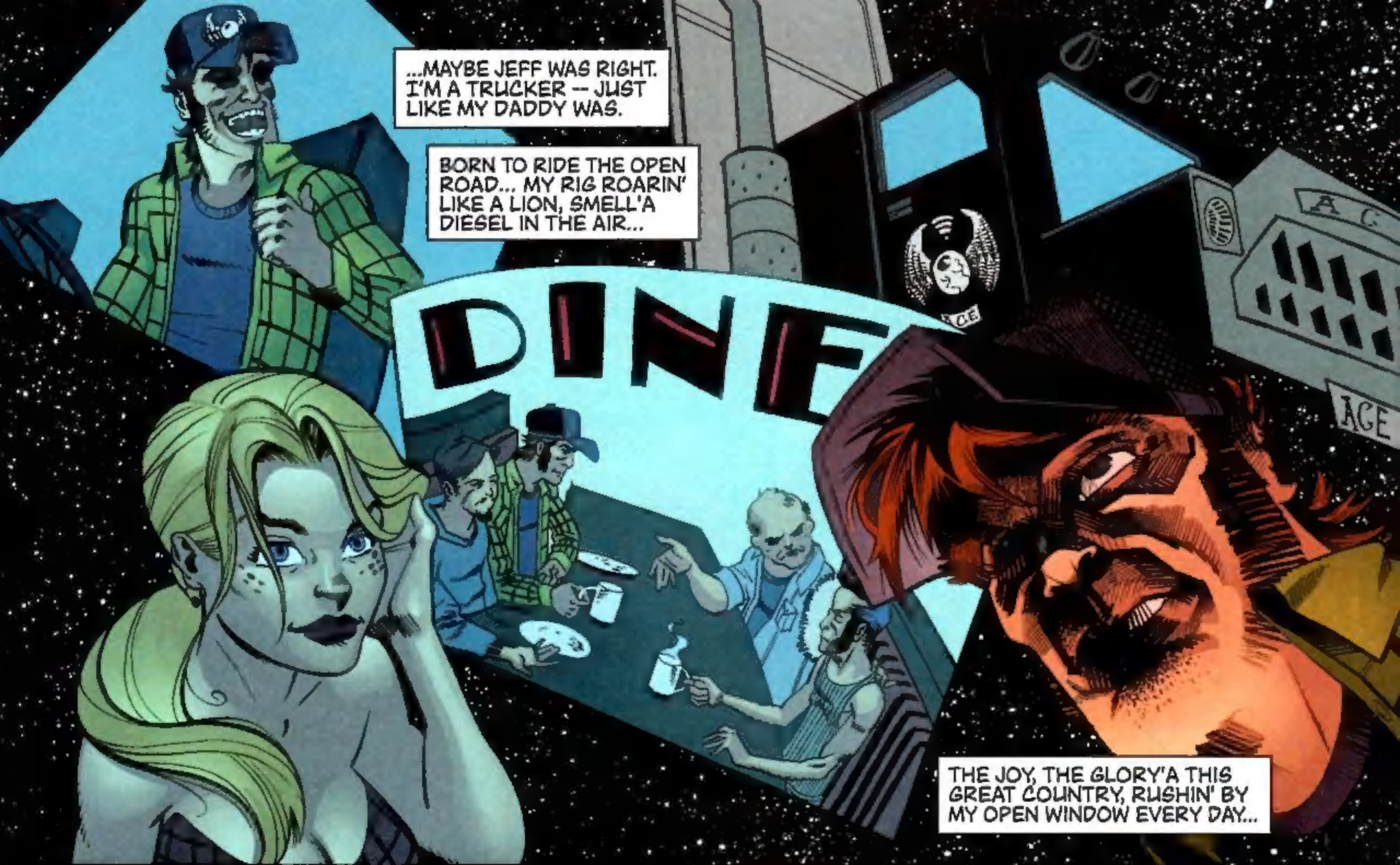
AN' HE KEPT
THIS FROM ME...

WELL, NOW I'M
FREE. WITH THIS
LITTLE BABY, I
CAN GO BACK TO
THE STARS.

FIND MY MARY...MAYBE WIN
'ER BACK. VISIT NEW WORLDS...
BE MY OWN BOSS...

MAYBE EVEN
SEE MY *SON*
AGAIN.

ON THE
OTHER
HAND...



...MAYBE JEFF WAS RIGHT.
I'M A TRUCKER -- JUST
LIKE MY DADDY WAS.

BORN TO RIDE THE OPEN
ROAD... MY RIG ROARIN'
LIKE A LION, SMELL'A
DIESEL IN THE AIR...

THE JOY, THE GLORY'A THIS
GREAT COUNTRY, RUSHIN' BY
MY OPEN WINDOW EVERY DAY...

...LIVIN' IN POVERTY,
BROKE AN' SCARED,
SMUGGLIN' ILLEGAL
GOODS FOR MY @*%#
BROTHER JUST TO
MAKE ENDS MEET.

OUTER SPACE,
HERE I \$\$\$@%
COME --

SCREW
THAT!







YOU LOW-DOWN FREAK'A NATURE.

YOU SET ME UP!



A PACK'A GIANT RACCOONS WITH CHOPPERS AN' GUNS TRIED TO *HJACK* ME.

AND ME.

-- AN' I'M BETTIN' THEY CAME FROM THE SAME GENETIC PROCESS AS MADE THAT *ROCKET RACCOON* FELLA.

I MET HIM OUT IN SPACE. YOU GOT CONNECTIONS THERE TOO, JEFF?



I GOT CONNECTIONS EVERYWHERE.

YOU HIRED THEM RACCOONS TO STEAL YER OWN CARGO, SO YOU COULD COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON IT AN' THEN RESELL THE STUFF.

NEVER MIND THAT YOU COULDA KILLED YOUR OWN BROTHER--

AND ME.

-- IN THE PROCESS!



AW HELL, U.S., YOU GOT ME. WHAT CAN I SAY?

I'M THE *HIGHWAY-MAN*.



TELL Y'WHAT, LITTLE BROTHER-- I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. I GOT A BIG JOB BREWIN'.

BEELZEBUB'S BUILT AN ICE ROAD THROUGH *HELL ITSELF*-- BUT IT'S MELTIN' FAST. I GOT A CLIENT'LL PAY TOP DOLLAR TO SMUGGLE A GROSS'A DEAD SOULS OUTA THERE. YOU'LL BE DOIN' THEM A FAVOR *AND* MAKIN' BUCKS AT THE SAME TIME.

BUT YOU GOTTA LEAVE *NOW*.



(A): THERE AIN'T NO ICE ROAD IN HELL. YOU BEEN WATCHIN' TOO MUCH HISTORY CHANNEL.

(B): I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* YOU ARE, BUT YOU AIN'T MY BROTHER NO MORE.

AN' (C): *SCREW YOU, YOUR STUPID HAT, AN' YOUR CROOKED @*%& BUSINESS!*



THAT'S
TELLIN' 'IM,
GOOD BUDDY!
YOU AN' ME -- WE'RE
A TEAM NOW. WE'LL
GO ROGUE -- OPEN
OUR OWN SHOP --
WE'LL GO
INDY!

I CAN SEE IT
NOW! THE TWO OF
US, RIDIN' THE OPEN ROAD
TOGETHER! RUNNIN' FROM
SMOKEYS! DRINKIN' DONUTS
AND EATIN' JAVA! SINGIN'
EMOTIONAL SONGS ABOUT
CARBURETORS!

**LVIN' THE
DREAM!**

AH, JEFF
ABOUT THAT
HELL JOB...

LIKE
STEALIN' A
PAYCHECK,
U.S.

I EVEN
GOT SPECIAL
CHAINS FOR YOUR
TIRES.

OKAY, BUT YOU
GOTTA COUGH UP
SOME WORKMAN'S
COMP FOR THIS
ARM...

HELL,
ULYSSES.
YOU EVEN
GOTTA
ASK?

BRO MANCE

YOU'RE MY
BROTHER!

THAT U.S.
ACE, THEY SAY
HE'S SWELL, BUT
I DON'T CARE IF
HE DIES IN
HELL.

HE'S A
TRUCKIN' MAN,
HE'S TOTALLY GONZO,
TO SEE HIM AGAIN,
E-MAIL GIRNER &
ALONSO.

TWANG!

TEN-FOUR
AND OUT!